

HO, FOR THE BOOM!

February's First Week.

# WAR



# CRY

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WILLIAM BOOTH,

[General for Canada and Newfoundland.]

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REMEMBER  
YOUR MOTHER'S  
PRAYERS



SAVED THROUGH THE MOTTO ON THE WALL.

(See Major Finschrich's Poem)

Tom Brown's

# Practical and Scriptural

## Holiness

By V. D. DAVID, Tamil Evangelist.

"I beg you not to read this without having the Bible in your hand—and a word with God to teach you the truth."

(1) "A two-edged sword in their hands."—*Psalm 127:1*

(2) "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."—*Psalm 121:1*

### PART I.

Before I speak to you about holiness, I want to put a few questions. 1.—Are you sure your sins are forgiven? 2.—Have you got assurance? If God calls you while you are reading this tract are you prepared to meet Him? If so, are you the friend with whom I would like to speak on holiness. I want to tell you you must be very careful not to begin to read this with a wrong idea first. You must realize it, nevertheless, that God will bless it to you, laying your Bible at hand to refer to all the verses I quote. I also ask you not to measure this with your own experience, or with other people's experience, or with what your minister said, or with any clever man's explanation, but only with the word of God. If you observe these things, you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free.

Now, holiness is not partial, but perfect. Believers seem to think our holiness is not perfect, that it will only be perfected when we come to die. If you are an unapologized sinner when you die, you will die in your sins, and still you are an unapologized sinner after your death. Death only puts an end to your life, but does not alter your life. God says, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—*Matthew 5:48*. When I say Christians must have a perfect sanctification, I mean only Christian perfection, as far as God requires of them. There is God's perfection, which Christians cannot reach, nor does God require them to reach. What is God's perfection? It is absolute perfection, nothing can be added, nothing can be taken away from His perfection. Angels are nice perfect, but not in comparison with God's perfection, for He charges them with folly—*Job 4:18*. So you see angel's perfection is not the standard of God's perfection. Christians' perfection is according to the following verse:—"Let us therefore strive to attain as be perfect as ye are in Christ Jesus." Nevertheless, where we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing—"Phil. 3:15-16". I will give you an illustration that you may understand it. A child of one year old is a perfect child, but not a perfect boy, or a perfect man, only a perfect child. This child not being a perfect boy or a perfect man does not alter the fact that it is perfect. It is only a difference in quality, but not in quantity. Just in the same way a Christian's perfection can be understood. Some are perfect as a one-year-old child; some as a boy; some are perfect as a young man, and some are perfect as an old man. All are perfect, only differing in growth, as the child is as perfect as the old man of ninety. Where do you find the difference? Do you find any difference in the perfection? No; but the only difference is in the growth. God does not say go from imperfection to perfection; but He says, "Let us go on to perfection."—*Heb. 6:1*.

An apple is a perfect apple from the beginning, the only difference being in its size. How will you say when it is small? Will you say it is an imperfect apple? No, for the apple is not perfect when it is small as when it is big. So God's command, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," is not wrong after all, although you did not understand it. God's truth is truth. "God is true."—*2 Cor. 1:18*.

I will give you some verses about perfection: "God make you perfect" —*Heb. 13:21*; "We may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus"—*Col. 1:28*; "Herein is our love made perfect, that as He is, so are we"—*1 John 4, 17*. Who are? Believers are perfect in love, even as Christ is, not in the

measure as He is, but perfect in quality. You see "He is," "We are" both in the present tense; that is while believers are in this present life.

Now I will tell you how far the growth of perfection goes. God requires that we should grow in proportion to perfection, "Till we come unto a perfect man—unto the fulness of Christ"—*Eph. 4, 13*. Now you know where your sanctification should begin, it begins with perfection and ends with perfection. It begins from a perfect child and ends with a perfect man, Christ. You may say when do we find we are babes in Christ? "Babes in Christ" —*1 Cor. 3, 1*. Although babes are not perfect adults, they are not so strong. No difference in perfection, but in strength. Your sanctification is not imputed, but it is imparted. If you read the following words, you will see God commands to be holy. So it must be done through you. "He will not give a command if He does not mean it." "Be ye holy as I am holy"—*1 Peter, 1, 16*. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect!"—*Matt. 5, 48*. "It is the will of God, over your sanctification!" "For God hath not given unto us infirmities, but unto holiness."—*1 Thess. 4, 2-7*.

"We are as He is"—*1 John 4, 17*. This is the standard of God's holiness, and these texts command that you should be holy; if it were imputed holiness there would be no command. You will say, how is that? Christ is our sanctification! That is what I read from *1 Cor. 1, 30*. How is He going to be our sanctification? Do you think you may sin and His sanctification will come and not cover your sin so that God may not see them? In that what you mean? Do you think that word means that? Christ our sanctification! If it is the case God would not have commanded "Be ye holy." "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord!"—*2 Cor. 12, 10*. "Perfect in holiness"—*2 Cor. 7, 1*; "Ye have your fruit unto holiness!"—*Rom. 6, 22*. How do you account for all these verses if you say sanctification is imputed?

(To be continued.)

## From the Windsor D. O.

### A PRESENT FROM COXEY'S ARMY.

SPENT S-D-SUNDAY in Bridgeport. Had a good day. On Monday we drove through the mud and rain to Lawrenceburg, but when we got there found that owing to the storm it would be useless to attempt holding a meeting.

HELD A COUPLE of meetings at Annapolis. Found the Captain and Lieutenant full of faith. Had a chat with Capt. Minor's sister, whom I'm believing to see an officer some of these days.

MRS. CALKIN was all smiles when I ran up from the station to say "How d'y'e do?" to her, in passing through Kentville. I tell you, some of our circle corp "braves" are doing wonders the year. They are all doing well, and I expect she would have named a town ten miles distant, and asked for the privilege of collecting on the way. The Captain told me she intended walking both ways.

HAD A LOVELY meeting in the Methodist church at Berwick. There is no corps here, but we met with exceptionable kindness. Also had a church meeting at Canons. The people are so friendly and good-hearted.

GOT HOME, to find Captain and Lieutenant in a great state of excitement. Heard all about the wedding.

"Oh, Captain, I wish you had been here last night," and she produced a piece of paper with the following curious inscription written upon it: "With the compliments of Coxey's Army, for the S. A. officers," and it seems that some of the boys had appeared with a large hamper the evening before, which they had first carried triumphantly through the town, to the inspiring strains of "We'll roll the old chariot along," and finally deposited upon the platform of the quiet little meeting that we mightn't have much to eat, it being S-B week. I am sure I can't enumerate all it contained—quantities of groceries, etc. God bless the boys!

How long to see them all saved. Since last report two or three good cases of conversion. Yours living for Jesus.

E. GALT, D. O.

## THE MOTTO ON THE WALL.

BY MAJOR FRIEDRICH, of Spokane.

(A young man in a meeting in Victoria, B.C., was convicted through the larger motto over the platform—"Remember your mother's prayer," and was saved that night.)

"Remember your mother's prayer." Who wrote it there? Who is it a head of hair, Who rejoiced that I fell, And delights in my shame and despair?

Yes, my mother's prayer I can hear. Who is it whispered into the ear? My God!—the scales disappear. Now plainly I see—stop—I see The fangs of hell waiting for me; And their mocking laughter and scorn.

In i'nt'l.

Point to the motto on the wall.

Those prayers cannot save you now: You have gone too far on the road of sin,

You have nailed to the cross the Christ within,

You have broken the vow Which you made when you said to your mother good-bye,

Your boast of shame Christ's pardon deft;

No—mercy for you is past.

Mercy's past!

What!—Forgive?

The Captain said God would forgive: If sin we forsake, we may live. O, can it be true? It must be, These same words my mother told me. And may she not now before His throne?

Remember in prayer her wandering one?

"Come to Jesus now," they sing.

Yes, the wreck of my life I will bring To the Christ of my mother's prayer

—and there,

With contrite heart, at His feet

The publican's prayer repeat:

Be merciful unto me—even me!

Cancel the past, Thou Christ on the tree.

That same night, down at the mucky-seat, Again did God and a prodigal meet, And a mother's prayer hell's power defeat.

## I SEE

THAT the Newmarket target aimed at was \$75, nearly double that of last year, and was hit square in the centre with a big V. as a surplus. Now Ensign Blackburn, let us hear from you, please!

THAT the long-looked-for vif from Major Howell and his Huronians Brass and String Band has at last come to pass.

THAT the Major and band were brought to conduct a series of three days' meetings. The Major introduced his troupe, from Professor Little to Pandemonium Cameron, also Peck's Big Boy from the West.

THAT the Major enrolled two brothers as soldiers of the 15th Canadian corps. God bless the boys, and make them valiant in His cause.

THAT Monday was the red-letter day among the Salvationists. A wedding was the attraction. The Huronians band outshone that afternoon, also announcing the wedding feast at the barracks at the same time.

THAT a big crowd attended the wedding feast. A big crowd, I can assure you!

THAT long before the time for the wedding the Temperance Hall was packed with people to witness the wedding. Ensign Bryer, D. O. made his appearance. Shortly afterwards the Major came in. In came the contracting parties. Capt. Jennie Howcroft leading, while the bride followed. Next came the groom, while Sgt. Major Barton brought up the rear. They took their respective places on the platform, everybody smiling.

THAT Ensign Bryer opened the meeting with a song, but for some reason the band could not play in harmony, or the soldiers could not catch the pitch of the tune. The Major noticed the difficulty, and asked all on the platform who were married

to kindly raise their hands. Only two sisters responded. Then he asked those who hoped to be. Only Captain Mc—responded. The Major found out the difficulty at once. Peck's Big Boy acquainted the Major with his version, "Only a case of excitement, sir." This brought down the house. However, the Major finally succeeded in getting things into shape.

THAT Miss Minnie Howcroft, all smirking, stood forth to be made man and wife. The Major read the articles of marriage, the "I will" was distinctly heard from both parties, and the Major succeeded in tying the knot good and tight.

THAT the ceremony concluded, the Major called forward Cadets Richardson and Bonette and promoted them Lieutenants on the spot, amid cheers and music. The meeting was brought to a close with another tea, when Mr. and Mrs. Pearseil left amid congratulations.

OLD KNOWALL

## MY STARS!

### One of Our Army Sailor Comrades writes thus:

The ship's forecastle is by no means a desirable place to live in.

It is all dirt, noise, dirt, filth, filth, filth, and impure, and impure, impure, impure, and in spite of all this, the seamen have a very high conception of Christianity. Anything less than holiness is not considered genuine, while unconsciously they are full of Tolstoy, and carry the doctrine of non-resistance to an excess. A pure, clean life is respected, but the luke-warm, half-hearted Christian is despised, and will not be tolerated. Precept, with women, is useless without practice. One great pleasure I enjoy is a quiet half-hour occasionally with my Lord in Nature. A silent meditation on the soothing influences of the Pilates. I love instruction, and at times, when I am alone, I creep into some quiet place, and allow myself to become focused on this (to my mind) the most beautiful of studies. I peer into the great beyond and think, and while thinking lose my identity. The soul seems to be free from the body, and I soar away into space, away far beyond our most remote planets. Just for a few minutes I tarry in the constellations of Orion, admiring its beautiful belt and cross. Then away again, and I am looking right into the

FIERY, BLOOD-RED EYE

of the Bull; still on, into that galaxy of beauty, the Piscides; farther still past Sirius, the Dog beyond the limits of the Ross and Lick telescopes; past the orbits of the comets, and I see more suns floating in space, radiant and gorgeous in colors and tints. My eyes are feasted with beauties splendid. I realize the immensity of the universe. A sense of my own helplessness steals over me. I see the great Architect and Engineer handle the levers and press the buttons controlling the ponderous, but complicated, delicate, machinery. Lost in wonder, and filled with awe and admiration, I awoke. My soul is one with the body. I lay back, and I am His child, and dwells in me, and I am His child, and He is my God, my Father, my Redeemer, my constant Companion. I live in Him and He in me. It is beautiful, delightful. I just trust Him, like a little child, and while He is guiding the course of innumerable planetary systems, and governing the enormous mechanism of the universe. He does not forget His child, but takes me by the hand and guides me lovingly with His eye, so that not a hair of my head may be injured. Glory to His Holy Name forever!

Extracted from a private letter.—ED.

To "love the Cross" is an excellent sign of health. If you hold by this through weakness and in all weather, something better than even this will follow, sooner or later. There will come a time when the hands won't feel the nails, nor the brow the thorns; a hidden, unutterable sense of God will become All in All; and this will grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

# CHRISTMAS - HILARITIES IN THE SOCIAL WING.

## THE LIFEBOAT.

EIGHT TURKEYS and geese, rents of mutton, beef, and pork, 32 pds., twenty-five boxes of bread, and thirteen dollars in cash, is the total of donations from the kindly hearted friends of the Army and the poor in Toronto towards our Christmas free feed at the Workmen's Hotel, corner of Wilton avenue and Victoria street. This splendid provision of the well-to-do citizens for their poorer brethren, made a grand banquet for the men with semi-salaried posts who frequent the Life-Boat. Altogether about ninety persons partook of this bounty, and the donors may take it from us that that crowd of men were just as appreciative and grateful as ever they knew how to be.

"Say, Major," said one chap, who felt good and comfortable, "Can't you git three Christmases a week fixed somehow?"

Major Collier's round, smiling face grew rounder at the very thought. Citizens of Toronto, on behalf of the men, we thank you. Call and see us.

T.

## SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

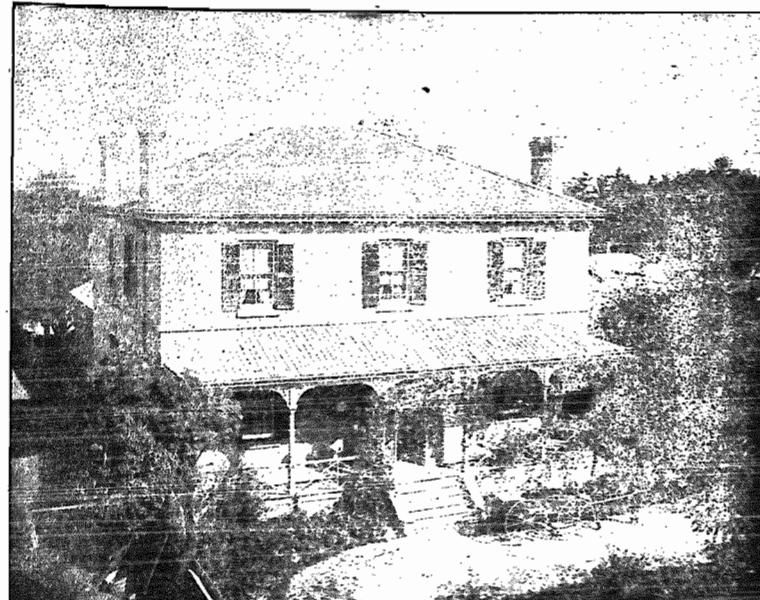
### A Christmas Incident.

As we carried up the plates, piled up with steaming hot turkey and goose, vegetables, and other good things, and afterwards the dishes of delicious plum pudding, to our poor sisters in the Women's Shelter, on Chancery lane, we found them all noticing the contented, satisfied look some of them wore on their faces, and we thought they would not mind if Christmas came more than once a year, if it brought no other joy than a good dinner. They seemed to enjoy everything they got, and they got enough, too.

There was one poor old woman missed her dinner by being out to a saloon drinking. She came home in the evening very drunk. We offered her something for supper, but she did not want it. Next morning, however, she took it very thankfully.

Although those poor souls have such an appetite for the drenching drink, yet underneath all their sin and wretchedness there is a heart of warmth, a heart that does not forget any kindness shown them; neither does it forget any injustice. If we could only get them to leave the whisky and rum bottles, what different women they would be! Oh, that the time would come when every damnation shop would be forever closed! What a happy day Christmas would be, and every other day also.

J. M. McCANN, Lieutenant, W. S.



## LONDON RESCUE HOME.

### XMAS AT THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER

#### Plum Pudding and Toys for Each and All.

Part 1800 years ago Christ Jesus  
came, He lived, He died for us;  
He thank Him for His birth,  
Help us remember Christmas morn,  
The day our Saviour Christ was  
born.

MILLIE B.

We had what you would call "a joyous Christmas," indeed. After breakfast was over, I asked the children some questions as to why it was called Christmas day. Not many could answer. While speaking to them around the table, I said, "Jesus was born on Christmas day. He came into the world a little babe, etc. We had for dinner roast turkey and plum pudding. Afternoon we got the Christmas tree nicely fixed up, and had the children dressed in uniform, girls in red plaidors, white letters across the front, "God's own." Boys in white blouses, with red collar. Tea was prepared and the bell rung. Down they came, one after another, looking amazed. They were all so excited they ate but little tea.

After we had finished, we sang and prayed. By this time they were very anxious as to what they were going to do. Then each child received two or three toys were given out to each one. Then we had some singing and clapping hands and some speeches were given by the children as to how they were enjoying Christmas, and if they meant to be real good. One said she enjoyed the turkey and pudding for dinner, also her tea, and was very much pleased with her toys, and hoped they would not get broken. Another thanked us for our trouble. And we thanked us for our trouble in getting such pretty tree, and thanked God for putting it in the hearts of the people to send them such nice toys. Altogether we had a time of rejoicing, and got blessed very much.

CAPT. MILLIE BALDWIN.

To seek for happiness independent of virtue, is looking for shade in the sands of the desert.—Catholic Register.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause. — Presbyterian Review.

## HARMONIC HURRICANEERS.

BACK to Toronto again. It seems but a few days since we left. Amid the clash and hurricane blasts of music—the new faces—the new scenes—crowds and souls—time has flown like the hurricane wind. What have we done? What has God done, rather? Let figures speak as best they can. Come, we will speak later—

Last Toronto Oct. 16—turned Decemver 18—had 98 meetings—110 open-air—had 67 souls—an attendance of nearly 16,000 people—and an income of over \$800. Hurrah!

The Rev. J. L. Robertson, M. A., Presbyterian pastor at Gore Bay, composed a splendid song for us, of which the following verses are a sample:

Tune—"The Miller of the Dee."  
They came to us, a goodly band,  
The Harmonic Hurricaneers,  
And sang their songs of love and joy,  
Filling our hearts with cheer;  
And this the burden of the song  
They sang so loud and free—  
"I love my Saviour all day long,  
For He hath loved me."

A band of loving souls, they're out  
To work in Jesus' name,  
To show abroad His mighty grace  
That saves from sin and shame;  
And this the burden of the song  
They sing wherever they go—  
"I love my Saviour all day long,  
Who saves from guilt and woe."

Then, welcome, friends! three wel-  
come! we  
Extend in Jesus' name!  
God speed you onward! bless your  
works!  
Whose mercy's o'er the same!  
And this the burden of the song  
Go sing in every place—  
"I love my Saviour all day long,  
Who saves me by His grace."

Good books are to the young mind  
what the warming sun and the re-  
freshing rain of spring are to the  
seeds which have lain dormant in the  
frosts of winter.—Catholic Register.

Our daily life should be sanctified  
by doing good things in a religious  
way. There is no better way. It is  
so humble, but it may be done to a  
great purpose, and rewarded thereby.  
The improvement of a little time may  
be a gain to all eternity.—Canadian  
Churchman.



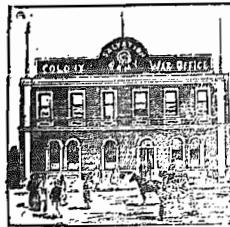
LITTLE ONES OF THE LONDON CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

# THE GENERAL IN AUSTRALASIA.

## Christchurch.

Leaving Wellington on Friday by the "Penguin," the General and Staff spent the night on a choppy sea, arriving at Christchurch at 7 a.m. Saturday. Brigadier Hosking and Major Bruntell are don hands at getting up an attractive open-air parade, and they must have expended all their efforts on this occasion. The parties on horseback, in their habits of yellow, red and blue, headed the 1,500 strong procession, and there were novelties galore. The General and Commissioner Pollard spoke, when a halt was called, after which came a Soldiers' Council, in which 42 seafarers came forward.

Fifteen hundred people heard the General in his welcome meeting at the Opera House, and the Mayor of Christchurch presided.



THE NEW ZEALAND WAR OFFICE, CHRISTCHURCH.

Then came Sunday. The scene of battle was again in the Opera House. Five thousand people congregated during that marvelous day of spiritual triumph. The General was God-preserved, the holyunction was painlessly present in his burning utterances, and an gathering of 88 seafarers for the day and 130 for the week-end was a triumph which made all hearts to rejoice.



A VIEW OF THE CHRISTCHURCH BARRACKS.

Weared as he was after Sunday's tremendous smash, the General was at agenda on Monday in the Christchurch Opera House, and at a morning and afternoon meeting, at which a good many seafarers came to the front for purior or purity.

At night, the Social gathering, which, in spite of many other attractions, was large enough to crowd the Opera House in almost every part, witnessed a wonderful outburst of popular feeling. Mr. G. J. Smith, M.H.L., presided, and very appreciative speeches were delivered by Bishop Julius and the Rev. Dr. Elton.

The Bishop said he meant it a very awkward job to follow so closely after the General. During his address he confirmed the General's statement that Christian societies are very apt

to rise above their first principles and to forget them. "The churches," the Bishop continued, "have often done that very thing. They have gone to the rich and have forgotten the poor, they have gone to the help of the righteous, and have forgotten and neglected the sinner. But whenever the churches have done that, God has always raised, in every age, some soothsayer that has done the work that His Church has forgotten to do, and I think that is what He did when He stirred up this great organization."

On Tuesday the General was closely occupied with the Staff and Field Officers' Council throughout the day.

## Timaru.

Amidst the hearty welcome accorded the General here, Mr. J. W. Blackwood, president of the Timaru Prohibition League, presented himself and read an address. The General addressed the assembly in reply as "My friends." His life, he said, was consecrated to the prohibition of evil in all its forms. . . . They all knew that the Salvation Army were prohibitionists in regard to the drink traffic, and that in that regard they were worthy of imitation by other organizations which professed to have the happiness of mankind in view. . . .

In the great meeting which followed Chairman Rev. C. E. Decerott welcomed the General in the words of the English people's welcome to the Princess of Wales:

"Saxons or Norman, whatever we be, We are all Dane in our welcome to thee."

That is, Episcopalian, Baptists, Methodists, etc., whatever they were, they were Salvationsists in their welcome to the General.

The General gave a fine Social address, brief but good pointed.

The Colony, said he, had three-quarters of a million people, and yet there was not work for all. The remedy for worklessness was seen in the contrast between a moor and a vineyard, one producing little, the other crowded with food materials, and the difference between them was made by work.

## Dunedin.

Dunedin gave the General a wonderful welcome. The crowd assembled in the station yard and on the platform bridge, and as the approach of the station was said to be the greatest that has ever assembled to meet any visitor to the city of Dunedin.

Accompanied by Commissioners Pollard and Coombs, and other of his staff, the General was then driven to Cargill's Monument. There another immense crowd of people having assembled, a halt was called, and the front files of the procession opening up, the General's carriage was brought right into the midst of the mass of people, the event being hailed with renewed cheering and every expression of delight.

"Hail! Cagliostro!" and "God bless you!" greeted the General's appearance. The General's greeting was the signal for renewed demonstrations of ap-



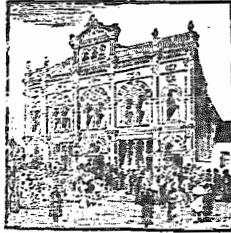
THE GENERAL'S RECEPTION IN CATHEDRAL SQUARE, CHRISTCHURCH.



THE SPOT WHERE, 12 YEARS AGO, CAPTAIN POLLARD FIRED THE FIRST S.A. SHOT IN AUSTRALASIA.

The General and Commissioner Pollard speak at the Historic Fountain.

proval, the whole scene being one of vivid interest—the surging crowd, the banners, bannettes, pennants and the costumes of the soldiers and the people, illuminated by the ruddy glare of the torches, presenting such an effect as is seldom seen even in these days of demonstrations.



OPERA HOUSE, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Cargin's Monument is the spot where, 12-12 years ago, Commissioner Pollard, then a lad of nineteen, fired the first shot. The General spoke to the populace at this historic spot. He gave a spicy address, which was interspersed with responsive amens and shouts at every few sentences. He said, in the course of his remarks, there were a good many people who did not agree with General Booth, and General Booth did not agree with them. This remark must have referred to other places, however, for the Dunedin people were thoroughly in support.

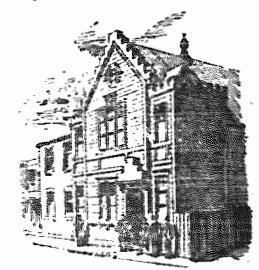
Then Commissioner Pollard was called for unanimously and rapturously received. Referring to his first start, when his only supporters were a black man on one side and a Salvation Army Captain and his wife on the other, he said: There were a great many people then who thought that the Salvation Army would not be here long, and three Christian friends have offered to pay his passage back to England to the General, because they said the Salvation Army would be no good here. He told them that he had not come out on a racket of that sort, but that he had come to stay, and had taken a building up the street for three years, at £300 a year, and that instead of paying his passage back they were going to help to pay the rent—and they did.

In the social meeting the General was greeted by representatives of the Jews, Greeks and the Jewish Rabbi. Rev. Lewellen, B.A., supported by a large number of leading citizens took the chair. He contrasted the General with Napoleon. Said he: I have no doubt in my mind that in can get Salvation Army men and women to act for him even across 16,000 miles of ocean, and there is probably no one man now, who is not a crowned monarch, who

exercises such great power over his followers, and gets from them such implicit obedience. I believe that obedience is rendered because they are worshippers of Jesus Christ, and feel like inheritance, and are taught to do it, but among countries . . . Great care is their devotion to the Salvation Army, and to the General I do believe that they do not put him in the place of Jesus Christ. They reverence the General as the General of their Army, but look up to Christ as the great Captain of the salvation. I do not know that I could obey Commissioner Pollard and clap in all through that hymn, but I clap in my own way. I heartily welcome the General."

The General was followed by the plaudits of the crowd, and for two hours he dealt with his subject. "Some of the World's Social Miseries and the Salvation Army's Remedy."

The General contended that from the standpoint of self-interest alone society should grapple with these social miseries and seek their remedy, because, if by any means the superstructure of society were to come down, they would find the submerged classes rolling in. It was the submerged class that made the terror of the French Revolution, and it was the submerged class that would make the horror of the nineteenth century. If they were to help these poor people they must grapple with the difficulty in a scientific way. Three-fourths of the charity administered indiscriminately did more harm than good. They must help the people without pauperizing them.



J.S. BARRACKS, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Referring to a site for the Over Sea Colony, the General said his first love was South Africa, but he had run away from it and had flirted with it and looked at other places, but he thought of going back to his first love, where he had had a gift of 30,000 acres of beautiful, well-timbered, well-watered land. Not only so, but Cecil Rhodes, who was well known throughout the civilized world, had promised him that if Mashonaland

Matabeleland, which were spoken of in the highest terms as to their fertility and climate, was suitable, so (Mr. Rhodes) would be happy to give him the land he wanted there. He did not know—God would guide him. He had got many poor people who were waiting and getting impatient, saying, "Where is the Lord of Canaan?" He hoped the Lord would let him see it and raise thousands and thousands of happy holy people on it, earning their own bread and living contentedly on the land—not making a fortune, but earning a livelihood.



BRIGADIER HOSKIN, New Zealand Prov. Officer.

The Mayor, on moving a vote of thanks, spoke so feelingly and eloquently of the Army on behalf of what he termed "the civic Church of Dunedin"; that the chairman facetiously declared him eligible for a red guernsey.



MAJOR BREWSTER, Colony Secretary.

## THE GOOD SHIP "SALVATIONIST"

On her Mission of Mercy.

"Salvationising" the Harbors and Coves of the Island Colony.

### CHAPTER II.

Early next morning we were off for PACK HARBOR. Being on our first visit, we found the people in a state of excitement. We visited quite a few of our soldiers and friends, and on Sunday at 7 a.m. began our day's warfare. The flag was hoisted to the masthead. We had a real good day. At noon Monday we started for INDEPENDENT, where they were very anxiously awaiting our arrival. One man, a sea captain from Wales, thinks that the Army is the God-chosen people to save the dying masses of humanity. Tuesday morning we were off for CARTWRIGHT which belongs to the Hudson Bay Company. We found the dear people very kind. They have no services at all, only during the summer months. Lieutenant Barry and myself went on shore to visit, and by doing so we had the privilege of talking with a few at night about their poor souls. They were so glad to see the Salvationists coming. Let us bear in mind those dear people who are shut away from the blessed privileges that we enjoy, on the bleak shores of Labrador. Oh, how anxious they were to come to the meetings. They were very much that they wanted us to pull the "Salvationist" on the beach and stay with them all the winter. Early next morning we were off for INDIAN TICKLE. After we had gone a short distance on our journey, the wind rose very high and caused our little barque to roll and toss very much. Some of the boys felt as if there was a kind of a queer feeling coming over them, but our little vessel, which

seemed only like a cork on the ocean, breasted the waves and landed safe in harbor all O.K. She is to be admired for her beauty and goodness. Owing to it being so stormy, we were prevented from holding any meeting here. The Lieutenant and Cadet got ready to visit a soldier who is very sick, but happy in Jesus. They prayed with and for him. Next we east anchor at BOULTERS ROCK. We managed to get a meeting on all right; a few present. One dear sister soldier told us it was good for her to be in a Salvation Army meeting again. At an early hour next morning we started for SQUARE ISLAND. There is a good time in store for us in this place, the soldiers are all on fire. At 7 a.m. twenty-three met on board the "Salvationist". After the afternoon meeting we went on board our little vessel and pleaded with God for the salvation of some soul in our night's meeting. God came and answered prayer. Just as we were going into the testimony meeting one poor soul began to try to God. Soon we found ourselves in a silent half-prayer meeting. We started out testimony again, and soon the one that had got saved had another out to the mercyspot. Down we went again before God. In a short time she could rise and witness for God. After spending Sunday with them, still they want us to stay Monday. It being very stormy, and as we wanted to meet the mail boat to find out what we had to do, we consented to stay until Monday. At the meeting at night, the converts were the first to witness. The next morning the wind was in our favor, and soon the flag was hoisted to the top by which they understood that we were going to leave. We started for ASSIZES HARBOR, but owing to the wind being against us, we had to put into SPEAR HARBOR. We thought to spend a night with them, but on account of our time being limited, we could not stop.

(To be continued.)

## STRIKES!

SECRETARY LANDERS, Hamilton.

Only a morbid mind is on the lookout for slights.

Muke life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—Brown-ing.

Falseness not only disagree with truth, but usually quarrel among themselves.—Webster.

Siu, not till it is left will duly sinful soon; a man must first awake ere he can tell his dream.—Trench.

A whole bushel of notions don't weigh as much as one little stubborn fact.

The first paper published in Canada was the Halifax Gazette, March 25, 1762. War Cry some time later.

Blot out the Sabbath, and in half a century the intelligent world of God would be entirely obliterated, and the mind covered with every form of superstition and crime.—Becher.

There is no hope of destroying the Christian religion as long as the Christian Sabbath is acknowledged and kept by men as a sacred day.—Voltaire.

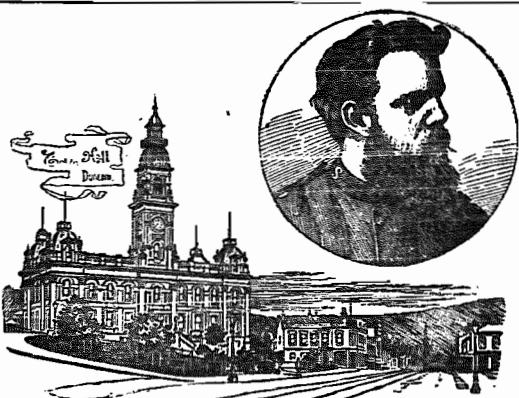
The first Biblical reference to a musical instrument is in Genesis: "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ."

There is not a line in the whole Bible on which an argument can be built for abusing people while yet in their sins.—Mrs. Booth.

takes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.

Society proceeds from the family of which the mother is the living bond. Canada Presbyterian.

It is said that the Roman Catholic Order of the Most Blessed Trinity has redeemed 200,000 slaves since it began its work in Africa. —Canadian Churchman.



Major Birkenshaw, and the Town Hall, Dunedin.

## MORE CHANGES

### in THE "LIGHT BRIGADE" OPERATIONS.

Change of Front.—The Provincial Officers in the Fray.—The P.A. Part of the P.O.'s Staff.—A Revolution—Other Notes and Comments.

#### BY MAJOR READ.

Thank God, the Light Brigade scheme rushes ahead with leaps and bounds. The Provincial Agents find the lantern a good auxiliary to the scheme. Captain Pugh is doing remarkably well, having sent \$50 the past week. Triumphant! Then Captain Scobell actually declares that the Light Brigade in the New Year, '96, will be everywhere. The provincial leaders should see the Captain's G. B. M. and his horse to appreciate it. There was to be a farewell among the P.A.'s, and although some had orders to march, those have been cancelled in one or two cases. Captain and Mrs. Pugh remain on in the East. Ensign and Mrs. Ross will be responsible for the Central Ontario Province. Adjutant Magee says good-bye to Lazarus, as does Captain Bailey. Captain McKenzie takes the East Ontario Province, while Captain Fife takes the Northwest and the Pacific Province. May this change be very beneficial all round.

Now for that wonderful two cent Cry boom! Money in it? Yes, if you do your part. And the men—Ensign D.O. and P.O. have over this received the Hand Book of Instructions, so that they can glean all information therefrom as to how to successfully run the Boom. By all means study it, and study it well.

It was such a pity that dear Mrs. Booth through extreme illness, and by the doctor's orders, was prevented from visiting St. Thomas and Hamilton. At the former place, the Knox Presbyterian church had kindly loaned us their pews, and the public had done kindly things to make Mrs. Booth's visit a success. Hamilton, too, was not behind. All things had been made ready for a huge welcome, and then—Mrs. Booth's severe illness caused the unpleasant hitch. However, keep believing, dear folks of St. Thomas and Hamilton.

## The Palmerston D.O.

Interviewed Again by the Ex-Winnipegger re S.D.

Ex-Winnipegger.—"Good evening, Ensign Dowell."

Ensign—"Good evening, Bro. Cantlon."

"I see you are still in command of the Palmerston District?"

"I am very much pleased to be in a position to reply in the affirmative."

"You have done a good thing for Self-Denial, I presume?"

"Yes; we have hit our target, which is \$300."

"I suppose the soldiers took an active part?"

"Why, bless you yes. They worked like Trojan, from Sept.-Major down to the last recruit. It was inspiring to see the band-boys play on extra steam as we visited from school-homes to school-house in the interest of S.D. By-the-bye, I was almost forgetting those two soldiers at Durham, Bro. Laird and Mrs. Benton, who collected the sum of \$12.50."

"No doubt you have had considerable collecting to do previous to S.D.?"

"We have. We nearly doubled last year at Harvest Festival, besides raising \$75, which was applied towards purchasing band instruments and music."

"One question more. Has the spiritual advanced in the press of financial work?"

"It has. The soul-saving work is steadily going on—one or two spurs every week. The roll has increased from fifty to sixty-live, and three more to be added any time."

"This is good news indeed, Ensign Good-bye."

R. J. CANTLON, R.C.

A fit of rage has cost many a man his life. So all intense emotions, all envy, jealousy, and wrong feelings, ruin digestion, injure the appetite, and break down the constitution.—Canadian Churchman.

# NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

**Andrew Provost's Life Story, Treasurer of Hamilton Corps.**

**"Uncle Ben," by Mrs. Major Read.**  
A rare treat for Newfoundlanders.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
**THE SALVATION ARMY**

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

A special feature in the salvation of the last issue  
of the War Cry, together with the pro-  
motion of the Salvation War in all places.  
Address all communications to the Editor, Seven-  
tive Army Headquarters, Toronto.

## THE BOOM.

During the first week in February this whole Territory is going to specially devote itself to increasing the circulation of the War Cry. That same system of organised effort, directed, in its main features, from Territorial Headquarters, which has been the means of producing such magnificent results in the Self-Despail Weeks and other similar efforts, is to be brought into operation on the War Cry's behalf, with, we hope, equally gratifying results. We will have something more to say on this matter next week. Meanwhile, let every soldier get ready for the week of ad-

vance.

## TRAIN THE CHILDREN FOR SAVIOURS.

The intelligent and animated faces of the little folk at the Christmas tree clings round more than one cushion such remark as "Here's the Army of the future." Mrs. Booth is to be congratulated on the happy event. It not only made a bright chapter in the lives of the little ones, but welded closer together the hearts of the officers to their leader, which is valuable to us as an Army; not only so, but it brought again to the front a subject which is of vital importance to us, viz., the training of the Juniors. Undoubtedly it is upon the training of the children, especially the children of the officers, that the Army's future depends. The children at that Christmas tree are typical of the rising Army throughout the world, and if that rising Army be thoroughly instilled with the true spirit of Salvationism, then may we indeed look for a very wonderful future. God is ready to bless the nations. We ought to see that the children grow up in those principles which the late Mrs. Booth and the General proved so valuable in their home circle. They should not only be saved, but savours.

—oo—

## VICTORIA, B.C.

SOME person or persons, evidently friendly towards the Salvation Army, sent me a batch of printed matter of the "New Party" type to the Mayor of Victoria, purporting to contain the latest about the Army Shelters, etc.

Our readers may remember that the Army Shelter at Victoria, B.C., by the kindness of the Mayor and Council, occupies a part of some municipal buildings, and it may be that the pamphlets were sent with the thought that the use of the municipal buildings should be continued. However, that may be. Ensign Provost, the School officer at Victoria, called upon the Mayor, but His Worship did not need any explanation. Said he, "The Army speaks for itself in this city."

As a proof of how little effect the pamphlets had, and how positive the public opinion of Victoria is to the Army's utility, we may state that a lease for the use of the said portion of the municipal building for THREE years is to hand from Victoria, and only waits signature from the Commandant to fix it sure.

Let the pamphlet people make no mistake. If there is anything wrong about our Social, or any other branch, the Army's chiefs will be first to put that wrong right. We are for righteousness every time. We are no hole-and-corner affair. We welcome fair-minded enquiry, and invite the public wherever we have a Social Institute, to come and see what characteristics we have to offer. We venture to prophesy that he who comes out of ten visitors will be so convinced of the truth of the Social Scheme that he will leave a donation, as the only proper expression of his appreciation.

We congratulate the Mayor and Council of Victoria, B.C., on their kindness and wisdom. They have the interests of the poorest at heart for certain, not only so, but they can see who the people to do their Social work in the cheapest and most effective way. Victoria, B.C., sets her sister cities a worthy example.

## LATEST FROM KINGSTON!

Reports to hand of the S.D. battalions are very encouraging. Port Hope, Galt, Guelph, Galt, Galt, Galt, and Simcoe deserve special mention. Peterborough champion to date, \$20 over target, with a notable drunkard saved to boot. For Juniors, Kingston takes the cake at \$120. Montreal I. band carries off the palm in their class at \$140. Winter campaign to be launched at watchnight service. All round increase by end of March, '96. Kingston, Belleville, and Cobourg D. O.'s under marching orders. Indications of a general advance during winter months.—Staff-Capt. Southall.

Colonel and Mrs. Holland and most of the Headquarters people visited Yorkville on Sunday. The congregation was the largest for a long time.

Major Howell presided over a very successful musical meeting at the Temple, Toronto, on Xmas night.

## Chief Secretary's NOTES.

A cable dispatch announces the safe arrival of the Commandant in London. What kind of a passage he experienced, or in what condition he landed we do not know. We are profoundly thankful for his safe journey and the storms through which the Campaign passed. He informs us of his intention to sail again for Canada on the 8th inst. We shall give him a rousing reception at the Temple on Sunday, the 19th.

—II—

Mrs. Booth is no better than when I wrote last. For several days she has been confined to her bed, and suffers considerable pain. We are very anxious about her. To judge by outward appearance, one would take her to be robust and well-tempered. The fact is she is a delicate, and even frail woman, and often goes about her many duties with a smile on her face when by right she should be in bed. Her case calls for the earnest prayers of Salvationists everywhere.

—II—

This week the Staff change foreseen in the last notes has gone into effect. It is not by any means a large list, nevertheless some important corps have been affected. First, perhaps, comes Kinston. To this charge Adjutant Archibald has been appointed. The Adjutant is Hale and hearty after his recent trip to the Old Country, and may be expected to make things hum. His wife, however, we regret to say, is far from well. We are sure we can count on the sympathy and help of his new soldiers. Ensign John McLean, late of Kinston, assumes command of the Temple. Now, Ensign, all eyes are upon you. Advance, Toronto! is the watch-

word. Ensign Lowry proceeds to Hamilton. Ensign Alex. McLean, who has toiled amid great difficulties at that place, takes charge of Belleville. Ensign Moore will lead the forces at Barrie, and Ensign Blackburn proceeds to Cobourg. —II—

The development of our far-off Western Territories proceeds with unabated energy. Several officers are being transferred from Ontario to the West. Amongst the number are Ensign McNaughton, who proceeds to Fort MacLeod, and Ensign Williams, of Yorkville, whose appointment has not yet been decided upon. Several other officers will be transferred in the near future, one or two of whom come from far-off Newfoundland. Majors Beppet and Friedrich are equally alive to the prospects ahead of them. The corps opened with the last few weeks are: Kitchell, Dilton, Lewiston, Walpole, Devil's Lake.

—II—

Staff-Captain Edwards and wife recently from England, have rested since their arrival in Canada, but will soon be taking an appointment. The Staff-Captain's transfer was effected at his own request, on account of his parents being residents of this country. He can therefore justly lay claim to being a full-fledged Canadian straight off. May his future prove as useful as his past.

—II—

A cable despatched from International Headquarters announces the appointment of Ensign Robert, a very promising Frenchman, to the command of the work amongst the immigrants in Canada, vacated by Adjutant Roux. She is at present in England en route.

—II—

The Bermuda expedition is well under way. Ensign Desbrisay, Captain Johnson, and Lieut. Peters are aboard the ship from Halifax on the 2d inst. Brigadier Scott has made all arrangements for the attack, and the certainty is that the Island, which has been described as impregnable to hostile attack, will soon capitulate to the messages of peace. Bermuda, we salute you!

—II—

Before leaving Toronto, the Commandant decided upon the transfer of Adjutant Ayre to some climate more congenial to his health. He is afflicted with asthma in its chronic form, and at times suffers severely. We had hoped that the freedom from outdoor work would have proved beneficial to him. It is evident, however, that Toronto does not suit him, and the Commandant has reluctantly decided on a change. The transfer will probably be to the West. Nothing as yet, however, is settled. The Adjutant is a loyal, devoted, and energetic officer, and can be reckoned upon to frustrate the devil's plans during fifteen out of every twenty-four hours.

—II—

Several new appointments are to be made in connection with the Grace-Believe-Meat Box department. A concentrated effort will be made to increase the usefulness of this scheme. Captain Fred Mackenzie and Bar. Ensign, both appointed Provincial Agents and will enter upon their new duties forthwith. Captain Boles, who has filled this position for some months past, has been re-appointed to the field.

—II—

The new Citadel at Hamilton is at last under way. Difficulties however have kept back the start until now. But the day is here, and soon we trust to see in material form the stately edifice so beautifully portrayed on paper. Hamilton is an AI Army centre, and with the increased facilities offered by the new building, the work should develop by leaps and bounds.

—II—

Captains McRae and Emma Alice of the Maritime Provinces, are under orders for district work in Newfoundland. Captain Perkins, so long associated with the Trade Department at H.Q., has been transferred to New York to serve in a similar capacity there. Ensign Ritchie is much better in health, and will soon be taking another appointment. Captain Perfetti, until lately of the French work, has taken an appointment in the Pacific Province. Ensign Fitzpatrick, who broke her leg while visiting me six years ago, has not yet, we regard



Brs. G. Buhl, Brs. E. Jublin,  
Brs. E. J. Fitch, Capt. H. Bent,  
Brs. A. H. Bent, Brs. E. Butler,  
Brs. H. Merle, Brs. S. Jensen.

WALLACE, IDAHO.—The Crusaders are at it again! I'd like to note that our last two trips consisted of 701 miles by wagon, staying from one to three days in each place, with the exception of one, where we stayed five days. We had 178 meetings in 74 days, and had 68 souls. I am forwarding you a photo of the Crusaders, though I could not get them to pose like to see us as we are. While in Tekoa, Mr. Harlow, photographer, was sufficiently interested to want us to sit for him. We had no serious objections, hence the outcome. Here's a list of the boys and a few words about them:

ARTHUR BENT, converted in 1887 at Bridgewater, N.S., under Captain Scott. Been a bandsman in the East, at Tekoa. He now belongs to Victoria, B.C., corps, and has been on services for a short time to the Crusaders to spread salvation in the mountain and valleys of the Northwest Province. He's a fighter from the word "go," and plays a concert.

EDWARD L. BUTLER (our Beaumain) on account of his being the youngest and smallest of the band, was saved under Ensign McCabe in 1892 at Spokane, Wash. He is still a soldier and bandsman of that corps,

and a good one, too. He is the bugler and printer.

SAMUEL JENSEN is another mainstay from Spokane. Saved about the same time, under Ensign McCabe, he has continued to fight in and around the western metropolis. He plays on bass, and is an SI-ton gun in himself. Once an infidel lecturer, but now he can't do sufficient for his Savior.

GEORGE BUL, our converted number, comes next. He fell in with the Army in Great Falls about seven months back. Capt. and Mrs. Grotto led him to the cross. Once a son of the devil, he now sets as warden for the Lord. Hallelujah!

HERNST JUHLIN, another of our strangers to native of Sweden), saved in New Westminster, is another of our sharpshooters. He is also our secretary, and means business for the field.

EDWARD J. FITCH, our drummer, was saved in Waterville in Nov., '95. Asked if he would work for God in the band, he gladly took up his cross, and is doing so daily.

I'm not much at writing for War Cry, but you can pick out anything suitable, and burn the rest.

H. MARRIS, Captain.

"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."  
(MY MOTTO)

# From Mrs. Booth's OFFICE TABLE.

to say, completely recovered. She undergoes another operation shortly. The Windpeg Shelter is crowded out every night, and Major Bennett promises to lease temporary premises to supply the need. More reinforcements from Newfoundland are expected shortly, including Ensign and Mrs. Payne. Ensign and Mrs. Ross will be appointed to a Shelter on the conclusion of their little honeymoon excursion. No decision has as yet been given on the Windsor, N.S., obstruction case. Our most hearty thanks are tendered to our friend, Judge de Wolfe, for the able manner in which he conducted our defense. May success crown his effort. Ensign Galt still holds the fort there.



MRS. MCKAY, our Annapolis L. B. Agent.

## This World of Ours.

Commissioner Ruhani is sufficiently recovered to enable her to travel.

A Swedish corps has been opened in Pittsburgh, Pa. A beautiful opportunity.

The opening of a Spanish-American corps is contemplated by Commander Booth.

Another Swedish corps! Adjutant Nielsen telegraphs from McKeenport, Pa., of a successful opening there.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miller, of South Africa, have been appointed S. Secretaries for that Territory.

The General's meetings, dear friends, will undoubtedly, in the third meeting as above, be regular busters.

The General's visit to Ceylon and India is greatly agitating the minds of the Salvationists in those colonies.

The Social Farm at Bondeebosch, South Africa, is on the boom, especially in the spiritual line. Many of the men have got saved.

Commissioner Higgins is visiting Jamaica. After touring the country, a great congress will be held at Kingston about the third or fourth week in January.

Mr. Billington Booth had a splendid reception at Worcester and Boston, Mass. Over \$2,000 were raised in one day, 65 cents for a clean heart, and over 600 Auxiliaries.

The Commander and Mrs. Booth held a very important Auxiliary gathering in New York. Eight hundred dollars were given for the erection of a new Women's Shelter.

Ensign Smith and Whinfield, and two soldiers of Kingston, Jamaica, have received summons to appear before the courts on a charge of playing certain noisy instruments on the streets. We shall soon hear of the verdict.

When the officers of New York A. returned home upon us after their long absence, they were astounded to find a turkey, with all the usual trimmings, on a table in front of the picture. Of course this helped Captain Wolff to keep the wolf from the door.

Thus the Indian Cry—What is a Buster? It is a sling term which may have three distinct interpretations. It may mean—First, a jolly good feed; second, a very bad lie, or a most remarkably, overpoweringly good meeting.

Some kind folks live near Berlin Falls, N.H. The coal merchant sent a re-ceipted bill for \$45.50 worth of coal. One man in meeting was called for to

MAJOR COLLIER, writing on behalf of Mrs. Collier and himself, in a kindly letter of New Year's greeting, ends with a few words of personal testimony: "This we say: 'We are both thankful that years ago we settled it to put THE KINGDOM FIRST, and this is still our motto. Any little suffering or sacrifice we may have passed through we count it all joy, and esteem it a privilege to suffer for Jesus and our glorious cause, and feel that after all we have only done our duty. In fact, we pray that this may in the future be done more perfectly, and we get better acquainted with God and His will concerning us. We love our work, and love to spend our lives in the same, and pray that we may be more than ever useful in our new sphere of labor at Headquarters.'"

—II—

MRS. ARKETT, from amongst the woods and rocks of Muskoka, writes: "Away up here in the north country we are doing our best for God, and the Army we love so much. Although I cannot do as much as I would like to do, I am looking forward to being, with God's help, of more and more use and blessing. I have thought of you, especially in the Commandant's absence. I do pray you may have a very safe journey."

—II—

ENSIGN COWDEN, who on her promotion was sent to take charge of the Rescue Home at Montreal, has gone to her new position determined to make her true success. "I take it all from God," she says, "and He will not give me more than I can do. I feel so unworthy, but by His grace I shall rise up to my responsibilities, and I shall retain a teachable spirit, God helping me."

—II—

Here is an interesting sentence from the Halifax Home. ENSIGN MEDONALD adds: "We are having a Christmas tree for the girls and babies—a surprise for them. They didn't know anything about it. The people here are so kind. A gentleman and a lady sent us quite a quantity of toys. I feel everything comes from the dear Lord, and that He is so good."

—II—

ADJUTANT HILTS writes:—"A beautiful spirit reigns in the Home. Nearly every one of the dear girls are converted. It would do you good to hear them testify. I am more than ever satisfied that this work is of God."

"A head nurse at a hospital gave a speaking testimony for us the other day. She said she liked to get girls from our Army home. She found they were always better for being with us. There was no bad language or objectionable talk. We need more of God's wisdom still. May He give it to us."

—II—

MRS. ENSIGN CLARKE, of Wimipeg, who does not come very much

go to work, but said he couldn't go before he got saved, so went up, got well converted, and then went to work.

## A WHOPPER!

NANAIMO.—While Captain was out collecting for S.-D. she asked one of our business men for a donation. After looking over his books, he gave her a check for the sum of \$25. She thanked him, but he said, "Oh, that's all right. I like the work the Army is doing, and am in sympathy with you." Now, we have noticed several S.-D. challenges in the War Cry, but where is there an individual donation to beat that? [Apart from Mrs. Booth's donation from a Toronto friend of \$700, we have yet to hear of a bigger donation.—Ed.] The Lord bless him and prosper him is our prayer.—Jas. Stack.

to the front in print, but who is standing staunch and true by her husband's side in the Social wing, writes. After placing herself in imagination and sympathy in my circumstances, she adds warm words of cheer, and continuing says: "I am sure God's presence will be with you, and some day all your trials and care will be rewarded. I am seeking more rewards to be like Jesus. His presence is a blessed reality. Our son, ROLAND, is a strong, active little fellow, full of life and energy, and I am praying and believing, and training him, trusting that some day he may be of service in the great war."

—II—

What a wonderful sense of pleasure it is when one has found out the secret that true happiness does not consist in having and getting, but in GIVING. MRS. NEWTON, of Guelph, quotes the parable to this string:—"Christian, I have some to quote from her letter,—to gladness us and those we love and care for, and as our happiness cannot be complete unless it is shared and enjoyed by others, I send you a small gift for the Children's Shelter, sincerely hoping it may add to the joy of the little ones you so lovingly care for." Our hearts rise in thankfulness for this.

—II—

Here is another expression of sure good will, equally welcome, because so delightfully practical. MRS. GOLDIE, of Ayr, has a faith that rings solid by the test of action. "I am sorry to say that my Land of Hope in the Public Fund seems yet to-day 125 pounds of rice and barley, to be given to your Shelter for children. I visited the Home last summer, and I was delighted with the manner in which the place was conducted. I have thought much of how I could help you."

—II—

Many are the soldiers safe within the fold of the Salvation Army who, by the grace of God, owe their rest from weary wandering over the mountains of sin to the platform ministry of ENSIGN LOWRY, formerly of the Northwest Province, now holding sway at the Toronto Temple. In the ranks of her big command she finds a pause long enough to cheer her leaders with a word of greeting. "I have been praying much for you. I do esteem it a privilege to be the least of your women-warriors. I crave for more of the self-sacrificing spirit. My heart is more than ever uplifted in the fight. I love the Army and its army principle. May God give the Commandant a pleasant journey and bring him safely back." (Amen!) —II—

Here is a little bit of pathos:—"Madam—Please accept this small sum from a poor old woman, for some of your starving poor."

By watching, we employ our own strength; by prayer we engage God's.

When the name of Christ becomes everything to you it will do everything for you.

Let us resolve this year to withhold from our Lord nothing which promotes faithful service in His cause, and let us pledge to Him supreme and joyful acceptance of any kind of work He may call us to undertake.

As the Love grows, all will become easy or more equal. The truly Divine rejoices in bearing and suffering, as well as in receiving good and enjoying. A constant bearing of the mind, and heart, and soul, towards "All for Him," brings the invisible in sight, and makes the Divine Love and Presence the most real, solid, and constant good.

## MRS. BOOTH'S

### XMAS PARTY For the Little Folk

Xmas Tree—100 Toys—Tin  
Trumpets—Galore—Solas,  
and a Good Wind-up.

**G**HE FOUR WALLS of the Board Room at Territorial Headquarters never witnessed a more perfectly jubilant party than was gathered there on Christmas Eve, under the presidency of Mrs. Booth.

With that large-hearted considerateness which is so distinct a trait in her character, Mrs. Booth had espoused the cause of

#### THE OFFICERS' CHILDREN

at Headquarters and in the neighborhood this Christmas, resulting in their little hearts being filled to overflowing with innocent glee. Some of them will never forget Christmas Eve, 1895.

The Board Room was arranged with tables for ten and at these the "Coming Army," with their respective mothers and mothers' assistants, were seated, while provisions in plenty were handed to the little folks. Midway of the farthest table, Mrs. Booth, with her two sons, Victor and Ferdinand, bright as sunbeams, faced the others.

At one end of the room stood

#### A SPLENDID XMAS TREE,

about eight feet high, with its branches decorated prettily, and near by was a store of Xmas presents, about 100 in number.

After a great many presents had been distributed, giving to each an equal number, there were still some left over, and these Mrs. Booth awarded to the little ones who soloed. It is surprising how many of the

#### ARMY CHILDREN ARE MUSICAL.

They seem Army born, in truth. Branwell Collier, Maggie Peacock, three or four in Brigadier Jacobs' family, Dickie McMillan, Walter and Lily Streeton, Tommy Holland, Howie Howell, and many others beside. Victor and Ferdinand Booth displayed their ability to sing the Army songs.

The naive expression on the children's faces, their artless looks, and the BEAMING FACES OF THE MOTHERS,

was a sight indeed, rendering one of the lines:

"Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy." Addresses were delivered by Colonel Holland and other officers.

Finally, Mrs. Booth gave a concluding address. Maybe the warily sympathetic atmosphere—the unity of

#### HIGH AND HOLY PURPOSE

for the children which swelled in each mother's heart when formed an extra bond of love between the speaker and her hearers. However that may be, we do not ever remember to have heard more interest, more notice, more benefit, attention, from the lips of our leader. From the saucy plumpness of Christmas Eve, Mrs. Booth turned that meeting round to a most practical and effective completion. Calling to mind her own home life when young, Mrs. Booth's voice was silenced by emotion for an instant. Recovering herself, however, she proceeded with a torrent of feeling exhortation to the parents present to be true to the great trust committed to them in the training of their children. Such words, on such an occasion, cannot be lost.

#### NOTES.

Mrs. Booth herself collected the donations and toys for this happy occasion.

The Staff Band rendered instrumental entertainment while the children ate, and when the eating was over the children entertained themselves. A whole host of tin trumpets made the music.

We have received Christmas Crys from San Francisco, New York, and London, and hope to notice them briefly in next issue.

# THE ROSS-HILTS WEDDING.

**Colonel Holland Conducts the Ceremony in the Jubilee Hall.**

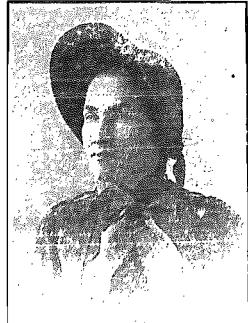
## A HAPPY AND JUBILANT OCCASION.

The solemn and yet important day came at last, a date that two hearts will ever remember. Though stormy, the wedding attendant and his wife robed up in good style, and the Jubilee Hall presented a very animated scene, so the Colonel, accompanied by Ensign Ross and Adjutant Hiltz, the centre of attraction, came down the aisle and took their places, amid



Ensign Ross.

much and hearty cheering, on the platform. Just previous to this and while the audience waited, the brass band played "I've Left the Devil Behind Me." What connection this had



Ensign Mrs. Ross.

with the spirit of the meeting was not quite clear. Quite a few stray hints were thrown out during the meeting to Captain Crawford and a certain social captain about the marriage question and

## THE USUAL TIMEWORN AND THICCAIDABRE ADVICE

was called out. All good, and perhaps necessary, I suppose. But to take things as they come, Brigadier Jacobs gave out,

"Oh, I'm Glad I'm Ready."

and Major Compton and Mrs. Colonel Holland prayed that the blessing of God might be on the meeting. The Colonel, who never seems to get to the bottom of his bag of anecdotes, sprang a couple of 'em on the helpless congregation, and created an animated and joyful feeling.

His wish, which we desire to quote, received a hearty response from the happy couple. Blessings, indeed, be like Niagara and their usefulness like the mighty St. Lawrence. Brigadier Jacobs' sound Scotch sense brought some good lessons out of a reading

from II. Corinthians, vi., and then came the event of the evening. It was successfully and creditably done, right the way through. The cheering and applause were unanimous.

Of course, Major Compton had to favor us with a song, with a chorus like "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" etc. It was worth a quarter to watch the face of a lady in the front seat as Mother Floreno put in her usual smiles. Lost in wonder one minute and tickled to death the next is as near as you can get to it. The husband of ten minutes sang very feebly.

"Let Me Love Thee, Saviour," and gave his testimony, praising God, the Father, and foretelling he had sought the interests of the Kingdom. We believe it, Ensign.

Then followed Mrs. Ensign Ross, with a clear-cut, pointed testimony to the saving, keeping and sanctifying power of God. For over eight years a Salvationist, she had always sought the guidance of the Spirit in all things, and she still maintained the same determination.

We cannot afford space to devote to the many congratulatory addresses from several prominent staff officers on the platform.

The happy event was brought to a close by a consecration song and prayer, crowds of officers, soldiers and friends pressing their way to the platform after the meeting to wish the Ensign and Mrs. Ross Godspeed. God bless them and attend them all thro' life, pray all who know them, a host who don't know them, and

JAWJ.

## OUR SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY

### Ensign Powell

### or

### What is Wanted?

I TELL YOU, my comrades, there is a lack. The soldier can feel a lack. He may not be able always to tell just what it is, but there is something lacking, and he knows it. This snior will come as far as the door, look in, and you see him no more. Another will come still farther, get in but as the centre of the barracks, stay for a few minutes, and is off.

"THE CAPTAIN preached well today."

"Yes, grandly; but I was disappointed," says Brother Smartone. "Same nice, but it did not touch the right spot," is Sister Softtose's language.

"Gave a beautiful testimony, but it did me no good. It was all grand, but there was something wanting."

"HOW DO YOU like our new Captain?"

"Well, he is a capital man, a nice singer, good preacher, quite witty, and quite earnest, too. I don't think we could get a better, and when the world improves, I think the barracks will be crowded, and yet with it all there is something—I can hardly tell what, I am so cold and unmoved under it all."

This and other such talk has been used in our barracks of late.

Can anyone tell where the lack is? There is something, and that something must be found out.

I HAVE SEEN painted fire that looked like real fire, but it wasn't. I have seen painted fruit that was more beautiful than real fruit, but did not taste as well! I have seen a loaf of bread that looked as good as the best, but it was sour. Theology is fine, but THE UNCTION OF THE HOLY GHOST is the important part. Then the thing that is wanted and wished for is

FIRE! FIRE!

Oh, God, give us more FIRE! Everything should be brought to the table hot.

"With the Blood, and with the Fire

We shall conquer all."

Are you, brother, willing to wait at the feet of Jesus till your lack is supplied by theleming of the Holy Ghost?

[D. O.'s and E. O.'s are specially invited to send the Editor short, pointed addresses, suitable for the soldiers' assembly.]

## Women's Shelter.

### Was it Needed in Queenly Toronto?

#### Read Below for an Answer.

"OW dare you talk about my husband! He is superior to yours, anyday."

This was part of the conversation I heard the other evening in the Women's Shelter as I came upstairs, not for the first time, to make notes for the Crier, but for the object of looking after our old dames, who were rather "hoary" that night. It was very amusing to hear them talk, and I almost wished some of the War Cry readers could have heard it. Possibly they might have a better idea of the kind of women we have to deal with.

I went into one of the other rooms for something, and just as I got in I heard a footstep, and looking round I saw an old woman, seventy years of age, just on the brink of the grave, and what is more terrible, not at the brink of hell, but in heaven to boot, but it must be so, for God's word says that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven. Look! what is that she is holding up to her mouth? Can it be possible that it is a whisky bottle? Too late to take it from her: she has drained it to the very last drop. She assured us when she came in she had none, but we will have to search her next time. She goes back to the room and starts singing, "in the sweet by-and-by."

"Excuse me, Mrs.—I forgot your name," says another voice, "I know you are much younger than you do." So she starts up.

"Hello, Jane, are you asleep?"

"No, dear; what is it?"

"Oh, nothing, only I guess I'll go down and have a smoke."

I try to persuade her to go to bed and sleep, but no, nothing will do, she must have her pipe.

"Well, Lieutenant, I am going to try again," says another woman, as she comes up the stairs to get her few belongings.

Well, Mrs. S., I hope you'll lean on our strong arm of God. It's no use trusting in your own strength, you know that."

"Yes, that's how I gave way before. I thought I was getting along all right, and trusted too much in myself. You'll pray for me, won't you, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, I will. Good night."

Poor soul! Six weeks ago she came to the Shelter drunk and filthy, no one to care for her. We did our best for her. She got a situation as laundress, for she is a good worker, and was getting on well. But temptation overcame her, and in four days her month's wages, ten dollars, was

#### ALL SPENT IN DRINK.

How sad and heart-broken we felt when she came back to us, so dirty and drunk, isn't it discouraging, you ask? Yes, when we look at the dark side of it, but, like everything else, there is also a bright side, and that bright side is when we shall stand before God's throne, and see some of our former sins, and the people, who, like some loving wife or kind friend, have been led to the singer's Savior. We may know nothing of it here on earth, but it will be revealed on that day. And if we have won one soul to Christ, is it not worth all the discouragements? But we want to save more than one. Our desire and ambition is to see them ALL brought to our Jesus. Of course, they are very wicked and deceitful. A little instance just comes to my mind of one woman who came in the Shelter a few months ago. She had been drinking some, so I said to her, "You've been drinking to-night, haven't you?"

"Oh, I did," she said.

"Oh, but I smell it on you," I said. "You're mistaken. I've been eating a little piece of pork, and that's what you smell. I have not been drinking for some weeks."

I said no more, but thought to myself, it was a new kind of pork.

With this the drink has on these poor women. The devil leads them to do and say whatever they like, and they are such hard cases to do anything with, but God has helped us in the past, and He will help us in

the future. His blood can make the vilest clean, His blood can avail each one of them.

\* LIEUT. J. M. McCANN.

### ONE OF THE "GANG" TAKEN HOME

#### Happy Bob is No More.

WINNIPEG.—God has been visiting this city in a mysterious way of late. On Monday morning the news came that three souls had met death by the burning of a building in which they were sleeping.

We had not ceased thinking over this sad affair when on the following morning one of the well-known gents of Winnipeg came to the quarters and told us of the sad and sudden death of one of their number,

HAPPY BOB,

as the boys all called him. He would have been home with his dear old mother instead of abroad, but he was here to be with Jesus. The influence of his death upon us in Army and Navy has been felt deeply by soldiers and sailors as well, seeing that Brodie Stewart had till recently been a soldier of the Winnipeg corps, and we the love and esteem of all his comrades. At the meeting following his death five souls found salvation. Four of the number belong to the gang, and were close friends of our departed brother. It was a sight never to be forgotten. We pray that the rest may mean a full consecration of every soldier and the salvation of many others. It's but a step between us and death.

ENSIGN A. GOODWIN.

#### Picked Up About Edmonton.

#### BY OLD-TIMER.

Capt. G.—"Brother T., don't you want to get some uniform?"

Brother T.—"No, Captain."

Capt. G.—"Why, Brother T., don't you want a gunny?"

Brother T. (reflecting a moment) "No, you get any white ones, with musk and water across the front. By wearing one of that kind I might get ashamed, and be more out-and-out for God."

"Out-and-out" if you would persuade others to follow him. Who did to save.

The following conversation took place in the Junior meeting:—

"Supposing I take a pencil and slate and write on it a number of words, large and small, and after I get through writing I take a damp sponge and rub over the slate; can anyone tell me where the words are?"

One little girl answered, "On the sponge."

"Correct."

Our hearts are like the slate, on which is recorded all our sins, but we must remember we cannot rub them off ourselves. We must have Jesus to come with the sponge damped with His blood before these sins can be removed. He, like the sponge, came to take our sin upon Himself that we might go free, having our hearts washed in His blood.

Brother F. K. was engaged painting some signs for a firm on which he had to put "Wines, Liquors, and Cigars." He finished the rest of the signs but these three words. The boss asked, "What about this?" Are you going to put these words on? "No, you will have to do that yourself. I cannot put them on there, then tell me that I am saved and sanctified."

A Picture in an Italian Mountain—A ploughman had turned aside to pray at the hour of prayer. So that no time should be lost, an angel was going on with the ploughing for him.

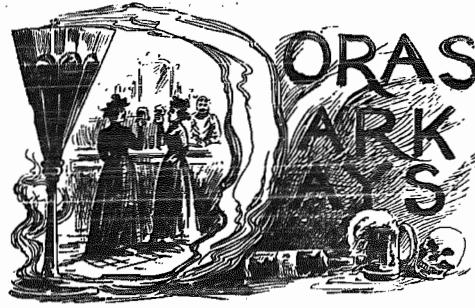
Men reflect little; they read carelessly; they judge hastily, and they receive opinions as they receive money, because it is current coin—Catholic Register.

No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea without rising to a higher order of experience.

For evermore. He has not led me so tenderly thus far to forsake me at the very gate of Heaven.—JULIAN







LANCING at one of our Homo girls, who had come to stay a few days until able to get another situation, and who was busily engaged dusting the little office we would practice quite fair traces of many a fierce storm encountered in those bygone days, which now seem almost like a troubled dream.

The question came: "Was it the drink brought you down, Dora. How did you first come to take it?"

"Yes, it was the drink," and a cloud passed over her face. "I hardly ever talk about it, but it happened like this: My husband was a carpenter, and was working in the hold of a large ship that was in the docks. She was to be launched that day. The flags were flying, and everything was gay; lots of ladies and gentlemen were on board. It was on the Clyde river, and she was named the Dolphin. They let go the ropes and she dived down like a duck, and

#### WENT TO THE BOTTOM.

When the divers went down to get the bodies, they found the men with the tools in their hands, but the women were unable to finish off a little fixture inside, she went down, and they were all drowned. When they brought his poor dead body home to me, I thought my reason would give way. He was always a kind man. Then after that, my only child, my little boy, five years old, died. I got some money after my husband's death, and friends advised me while I had youth on my side to come to Canada, that I could get along well there, I came over, and I was

#### SO LONELY I BEGAN TO DRINK.

As soon as I took a glass, I must have more. I did not know that the appetite was there."

"Was it inherited?"

"No. If I had been as good as my father and mother I should have been all right. Some people think it must be hereditary when you have such a craving for it, but it's not always so. I used to work harder than any woman I got my money, some of the women I knew would get me to stand treat; then the first thing, all my hard earnings would be gone."

"One day they took my purse out of my pocket, and I was left without a cent."

"Well, Dora, but how did you get saved at last?" we ventured to interpose. "Was it when you came to the Home?"

"I have been in the Home several times before, and went out and got situated again," she replied. "I was always brought up to believe in God, but you see it's the simple way of taking Jesus as your own Saviour seems to stand in people's way." There was a lady I know, and she used to talk to me, and one day she said to me when I was worried over some

#### TRouble THAT I DREADED,

"Dora, when the women were going to the tomb to anoint the body of the Saviour, they were saying to each other, 'We will roll us away the stone,' but when they got there the stone was rolled away. Just so, it may be with your troubles, and, believe me, it was just so, my trouble never came. She was a beautiful lady."

Dora's eyes seemed to glint with a softened light as she went on, with the memory of the saintly woman who had first helped her to see there was a reality in salvation.

"But how I came to be saved, I came into the Home one night. I had

only had a couple of glasses of ale. Captain said, 'You had better

STAY TO-NIGHT, DORA,' and I said, 'Well, just for one night,' but the next day I was so sick I could not go, but I believe the Lord had a hand in it. It was very bad, and knew if I did, I should go to hell. At night I laid on my bed, and didn't know what to do; my sins looked like great mountains before me. I was badly convicted. One night, after ten, we were on our knees praying, and the Captain started that song,

"To Thy cross I come, Lord,  
There for me is room, Lord;  
Poor unworthy me, yes, over me,"

and I said, 'Yes, Lord, over me, I come,' and then I asked Him to pardon all my sins. He did, and He gave me peace in my soul, and took the desire of the drink away. That's five months ago, and I have never wanted it since. I've had some hard battles. In my situation they were all wretched people, servants and all. I thought perhaps the Lord had sent me there to do something for Him, but when I spoke to them

#### THEY ONLY LAUGHED AT ME.

I tried to get some of the girls to get a little prayer meeting up in our room on New Year's eve, that we might thank God for keeping us through another year, but they told me not to bother them, so I just knelt down and prayed myself."

We could do nothing as we looked at the shrunken expression of Dora's face but give Jesus all the glory for thus honoring our labors for Him in saving her precious soul. Scores of just such wrecked lives drift into our Rescue Homes throughout the world, and leave them again with new hopes, new hearts, and with the Heavenly Pilot on board, Who will carry them through life's roughest seas. What are you doing to help this Rescue work?

ADJT. COWAN.

#### THE ARK, VICTORIA, B.C.

"How's the Shelter, Ensign?" we asked of the presiding genius of that institution the other day.

"Going ahead like a house on fire," was his answer.

The Shelter throughout retains its sleek and spick appearance, which visitors no admiring, after the wear and tear of six months.

The reading room is being well prepared during the full, dry months.

Less than 5,013 meals have been given out since May 6th, and all these have been paid or worked for. The wood-yard is doing a flourishing business. A new wool-cart has been purchased, and now two half-burden teamsters are kept busily engaged in delivering wood in different parts of the city.

Our readers will have a slight idea of what is going on in this branch of the work done in the Shelter on being informed that 170 cords of wood have been cut, split and delivered since the opening.

This has been the outcome of plenty of hard work, but the men appreciate the privilege the S. A. gives them of paying their way.

The Shelter officers are also endeavoring to win them for God, and several good cases of conversion could be related. 1,870 men have taken advantage of the dormitory, and the numbers are increasing.

#### TRUE TO HIS COLORS!

A Few Items in the Life of  
G.B.M. Agent JAMES VANCE,  
of Sunbury.

James Vance, L. B. Agent for Sunbury, was born near Guelph, Ontario, and was saved eleven years ago in a Salvation Army meeting. He served as a soldier for three years, was accepted as an officer, and did service at Wyoming, Durham, Teeswater, Wroxeter, Harriston, and Kingston. Retired from field work, and for some

time has been a soldier at Sunbury, Ont. During the past year he has been successful as an agent. His two little boys also take a great interest in the boxes. He is determined to advance each quarter.

A man may suffer without committing sin, but he cannot sin without suffering.

Gold in the pockets of a man makes him greater; there is naught but grace in his heart which can make him better.

## TRADE DEPARTMENT!

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New and Large Assortment  
added to our Stock.

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And a splendid lot it is too! You can get it at 30cts., 40cts., or 50cts.

If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt. Langberg, S. A. Temple, a post card, and he'll bring you any style you want.

### AS WARM AS WARM.

MENS' CARDIGAN JACKETS.—A genuine New Stock, extra heavy, superior quality—all wool. Will fit them to go to you at \$3.50, seeing you're not a bad sort.

### What is Your Motto?

Beautiful selection of mottoes now in stock:

Shield (large) .....	13c
Shield (small) .....	10c
Scrolls .....	15c
Floral .....	10c
Fruit .....	15c
Three-fold Screens .....	35c
"Christ is Lord," etc. ....	18c
Rules for To-day .....	18c
General's Message (with photo) .....	15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's do. do. ....	10c

### WATCHES!

#### MEN'S

### Open Silver Watches.

Stem Wind, Waltham Movement.

\$8, \$9, and \$16.

#### LADIES'

### Open Silver Watches.

Stem Wind, Waltham Movement.

\$9.00.

#### LADIES'

### Open Silver Watches.

Stem Wind, Waltham Movement.

\$9.00.

### SOMETHING NEW!

#### FINGER TESTAMENTS,

Morocco Cover, Gilt Edges.

60c.

Smallest that can be bought.

### TO THE LADIES!

UNDERVESTS—35cts., 50cts., 75cts.

GLOVES—15cts., 20cts., 30cts.

HOSE—20cts., 30cts., 50cts.

They're Going Great!

We mean our HEAVY SERGES, at \$12.00, \$18.00, and \$19.50.

Send along your order.

HANDS DOWN, and give Our FUR CAPS a chance at your ears—\$2.00, \$3.25, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, and \$7.

### WANTED AT ONCE!

Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec. 9th, 1892, and Nov. 24th, 1894.

Should any reader have these to spare we should esteem it a great kindness if they could let us have them.

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### THE YOUNG SOLDIER,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED by the Salvation Army, at their PRENTISS HALL, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario, and devoted to the glorious work of salvation among the children of Canada, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles, sketches, poems, and songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effective way to keep the soldiers up to date than the circulation of THE WAR CRY, which is not only a means not merely to sustain and edify all who read it to a moral and spiritual high-water mark, but also to inspire the soldiers of the Highest One, and the more confident efforts to extend the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed with all S. A. publications, by John M. O'Brien, at the S. A. Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

# SALVATION SONGS.

## Our Salvation Navy.

Tunes—"Come, shout and sing," or "The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow," B.J. 19.

1 Oh, the Army lifeboat rides secure Through every driving gale And speeds to rescue from the depths The souls whose bitter wail Arouses every heart to nobly do their part, And save the struggling souls who soon must fall.

Chorus.

Now, altogether, India and Iassies, bend to the ear; Heading not the rolling billows, bend to the ear; Our boat is Gospel sound, she answers with a bound To every stroke while bending to the ear.

Oh, many deeds of bravery our life-boat crew have done, And many million ship-wrecked souls have from the depths been won: Our Captain never fails to face the fiercest gales, And Huz! we'll follow till the work is done.

There will be great hurrahing in the Sailor's Home at last, And many souls will greet us then who stood the stormy blast; Our Captain will be there, with crews from far, everywhere, Rejoicing that we're safely Home at last.

## The Grand Decision.

Tune—"The Fatal Wedding."

2 The Army after marching to their barracks, went to tell How they'd been washed in Jesus' blood, and saved from death and hell;

A sinner with his burden came, he felt that he should go To Christ, whose precious blood could wash, and keep him white as snow. The Captain saw his wretched look, and to him made her way, She told him of the Christ Who said, "I am the Truth, the Way." She told him that if he would just repent, and then believe, A full and free salvation he through Christ would surely receive.

Chorus.

Whilst the blessed words were ringing in the wretched sinner's ears, Whilst the soldiers were rejoicing in the love that casts out fears, Then he made the grand decision, that from sin he would depart, Now a soldier 'e's rejoicing in a pure and upright heart.

He thought the matter over and he counted every cost, He saw if he rejected Christ he surely would be lost; He said, "I'll go," and to the front he bravely made his way, And unto Christ, God's only Son, he earnestly did pray, Twas when he said, "Lord, I believe," the light to him did come, He knew his sins were pardoned thro' the blood of Christ, God's Son; And so you, poor sinner, will just take Him at His word, A full salvation you shall have thro' Jesus Christ the Lord.

—A. Bailey, Sudbury, Ont.

## After Death, the Judgment.

Tune—"I dare do all for Thee."

3 We are all hastening on to the Judgment, Each day brings us nearer our doom, What a sad, sad thing it is in Heaven For us shall be found no room.

Chorus.

The Judgment! The Judgment! Oh, how will you face the Judge? The Judgment! The Judgment! Oh, how will you face the Judge?

*Ho, Soldiers of Jesus!*  
*Attention! Prepare to Ad-*  
*vance! Hurrah for the great*  
*War Cry Boom!*

Oh, you, who have wasted your time,

By serving the devil so long, You cannot expect to see Jesus, Or dwell with the glorified throng.

You must meet the pale horse and his rider, The horses will soon stop at your door, Your body be laid in the graveyard, But your soul, it must live evermore.

Eternity! where will you spend it? In Heaven, with angels as bright, Or shall you be cast into darkness? Just settle this question to-night.

—Capt. Josh Jones, Oshawa.

## Refuge in Jesus.

Tunes—"Stella," B.J. 25; "Sovereignty," B.B. 21, or "Euphony," B.J. 138.

4 There is a calm, a peace, a rest Which Jesus plants within the breast Of those who truly seek from Him That pardoning grace from every sin; His loving arms outstretched to the Poor sinner, come, and happy be.

Chorus.

Oh, the blood of Jesus.

They path, poor soul, is dark and drear, Thy burden more than thou can't bear, To save thy soul from fear and guilt, Our loving Lord His blood has split For those on that accursed tree, That thou from sin may be set free.

Poor trembling soul, no longer stay In sin, but choose the narrow way; No matter how deep-dyed with sin, The Lord will surely take thee in; His blood will cleanse thee from all shame,

And thou shalt ever praise His name.

—H. Duncan, Montreal L.

## Power we Crave.

Tunes—"Come, brethren dear," B.B. 8; "Praise," B.J. 143, or "Come on my partners," B.J. 190.

5 Dear Jesus, send Thy power just now, And keep us to our sacred vow, To give up all for Thee; Oh, send the Fire, consume our sin, And make us clean and right with Thee, And set us each one free!

Thy Spirit give each soldier dear, To sacrifice their all down here, And full salvation see! Oh, let it come just now, dear Lord, And help our every thought and word, Oh, make us more like Thee!

For souls we'll crave, and mighty speed, In Jesus' name will hard believe, As true in Him for aye; We'll raise Him for the victories won, And for the victories still to come; By faith we'll win the day.

## Right with Thee, Lord.

Tunes—"Close to Thee"; "Bless me now," or "I am trusting, fully trusting" (with old chorus).

6 Though the hosts of hell assail me, Since as night my vision be, Not one human voice to cheer me, That has kept me right with Thee.

Chorus.

Right with Thee! Right with Thee! Right with Thee, Lord, right with Thee!

Not one human voice to cheer me, That has kept me right with Thee.

In the field, the battle raging, I'll face Thy foes, the strong they be,

Knowing now thy arms are round me, While my heart beats true to Thee.

On, that all the world would prove Thee, Superior from all sin to be! We will bring them to the Fountain That can make them right with Thee.

*It concerns you. Every Man, Woman, and Child should take part. Prepare for the 1st Week in February.*